

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

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SHAKE HANDS? PINE RIDGE HOME OF REST FOR HORSES.

**LIGHTS AND SHADOWS
OF HUMANE WORK**

For the War Horses.

Army officers are turning to the American Red Star Animal Relief to assist them in supplying their camps with horse ambulances, veterinary medicines, etc., with which to care for the thousands of animals that are being brought daily into the army. They appreciate that this organization is bending every effort to supply their needs with the funds placed at its disposal, and thus aid in conserving the lives of hundreds of horses and mules that must otherwise die from lack of proper care and attention. In some camps, conditions are reports as being very bad. Many horses and mules are dying from diseases that are entirely preventable because of the lack of necessary supplies. The task of furnishing this equipment to all the camps is an enormous one and though the War Department is bending every effort to relieve the situation, it cannot meet all the demands upon it.

The American Red Star Animal Relief was organized last year on the suggestion of Secretary of War Baker to perform for the army animal a work similar to that carried on by the Red Cross for the soldier. It is seeking an initial fund of \$250,000 with which to purchase the necessary equipment. Branches have been organized in a large number of cities and are being vigorously developed by local people. The Los Angeles Branch has undertaken to raise \$50,000 and has already contributed nearly \$5,000 of this amount. Equally large goals have been set by the New York, Philadelphia and Boston Branches. In San Francisco a big campaign will soon be on for members and funds, and it is expected that a large sum of money will be realized and made available for the national work.

While army animal relief work is new in this country, the fact that it is conducted by The American Humane Association, which has been in existence since 1877, is assurance of its stability and success. It has received the approval of Ex-Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, and many leading Generals including Wood, Scott and Bell. The following letter was recently received from

Hon. Miles Poindexter, United States Senator from Washington:—"I congratulate you upon the organization of the American Red Star Animal Relief and upon your active interest in the care and succor and relief of the animals employed in the European war. The humane impulses which find expression in this association closely affect our attitude towards men as well as animals. It also has a vast practical benefit upon the efficiency with which we will conduct the war."

An equally strong letter has also been received from Hon. Harry S. New, Member of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, in which he writes:—"Permit me to say that I am heartily in sympathy with this movement and I sincerely believe that the organization is one of the most potent agencies for army animal conservation in the United States."

The headquarters of the American Red Star Animal Relief are located in Albany, N. Y., under the Director-Generalship, of Dr. William O. Stillman, who has been for many years closely associated with anticruelty work. He is President of The American Humane Association and of a large local anticruelty society. The Treasurer of the Red Star is Edgar McDonald, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Nassau National Bank, Brooklyn, N. Y. The Boston Branch is The Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street, Mrs. Huntington Smith, Chairman of Committee.

Shelter Work in Edmonton, England.

Our Shelter is just where most needed, in one of the worst streets, where fights are frequent still we get on very well with the neighbors in our work, associating with them tactfully for the sake of the poor animals unfortunately half owned by them. I fetched a retriever dog away from one house and the woman owned that for three months she had not given it any food. Every day it had gone on the streets to find its food and returned home to sleep. It would not go away and relieve them of its presence, and it would not get run over, and was expecting a family. So my services were called in. Is it not dreadful?

You do not know how glad I am to see them

come in and to be able to relieve them of their burdensome lives. Last week thirty dogs came in, the result of higher dog licenses and the high price of food. This Monday I had eleven dogs. In most cases the owners have no affection for the animals. They simply own the poor creatures as it serves their purpose in some way, and they part with them quite easily. Death is often the kindest action some of them have ever known. Dreadful street accidents and trap injuries are frequent and what a comfort it is to be able to quickly and quietly end their agony.

I am a teacher in one of the Council schools and this work is my recreation after the day's duties are done. In this I have a splendid opportunity of training the thousands of children that pass through my hands in tenderness towards their subhuman brethren. They are very keen in seeking lost animals and in urging the neighbors to let their sick animals come to the Shelter instead of the usual drowning in buckets of water. Many of them pay $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to the Shelter and we distribute much literature on animals among them. I tell them if they do their little duty properly we should never see the sad sight of dead cats on the waste grounds as we often do. Of course that is a little exaggeration, but it spurs them on. Unfortunately this is a district where little is done for humans or animals. The welfare of the latter is too humble a subject to attract the attention of what few better-off folks the place contains, and so it is a struggle to get along, indeed if it were not for outside help we could not continue our work.

One boils with indignation at the callousness of owners. Only yesterday a well dressed young fellow brought his dog to be destroyed. I barely got the cost of the chloroform from him and when he saw his dog dead he said, "Ta-ta Pip, now I will get myself a drop of brandy."

We have only been open two years, ten months, and have had nearly 6,000 animals, 1,400 of them being dogs. During the month of April we had 280, on an average of 70 weekly. I am so sorry animals are born in such numbers at a time. If they came like humans it would lessen animal suffering so much.

Do not forget the December Fair.

Naples Society for the Protection of Animals.

(President, Princess Mele Barese, née Mackworth Praed; Director, Cap. B. Basso R. L. N. R. S, Via Vittoria, Naples, Italy.)

TO THE EDITOR OF OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS:

I should be very grateful if you would again kindly find space in your columns for an appeal on behalf of the Naples Society for the Protection of Animals. Our staff of inspectors has been much reduced, as many of them were called up at the beginning of the war to resume their duties as "Carabinieri," but there has been some compensation for this evil, inasmuch as these men have done everything in their power to put down cruelty in the places to which they have been sent. Another trouble has been the loss of subscriptions owing to the absence of all visitors, but in spite of hindrances, much good has been accomplished.

I will not intrude further on your space, except to make an earnest appeal to your readers for further assistance in the prosecution of our work of mercy.

Subscriptions and donations may be sent to Mrs. Percy Carew Essex, 54 Overstrand Mansions, Battersea Park, London, S. W., or to our Director, Captain G. B. Basso, R. I. N. R., 8 Via Vittoria, Naples, Italy.

I am yours faithfully: E. L. M. (PRINCESS)
MELE BARESE, President of the N. S. P. A.

Moving Pictures.

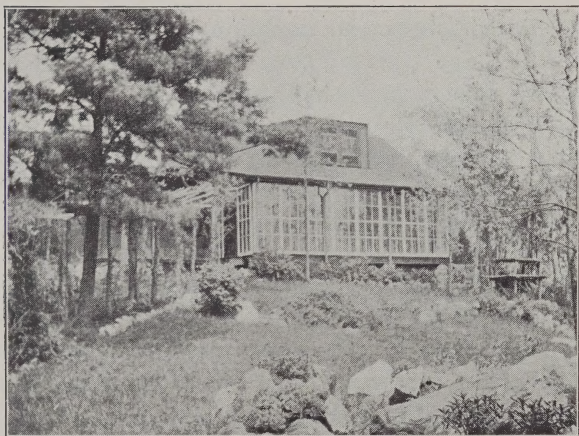
Complaint is made at New York of cruelty to babies in making moving picture plays. To afford a rescue scene, a child, 3 years old, was placed in a crib and the covers were set on fire. The child was not burned but suffered horribly from fear at the moment and afterward from dread of its bed and nervous inability to sleep. To produce a moving picture of a rescue from drowning, a boy, five years old, was dropped overboard in New York bay in the last week of October. He was in fact rescued, but had pneumonia and was ill several months.

We have said before and it cannot be repeated too often that no one who makes any pretention to humane feelings should stay in a theater or picture show when any scenes involving cruelty are exhibited. These pictures or scenes are almost always obtained through cruel and dangerous situations sometimes resulting in death to human beings and to animals.—A. H. S.

Humane Work in Havana.

The war has not prevented Mrs. Jeannette Ryder, whose name has long been known as one of the most zealous among humane workers, from continuing her good work. Since last January Mrs. Ryder has had treatment given in her free hospital to 1,621 animals and, what is better still, has taken from the streets, or from owners who otherwise would have abandoned them, 2,223 dogs and 5,162 cats. When we consider the suffering of the homeless, deserted dog and cat we cannot give too great praise to an institution whose principal work is the collecting and humanely disposing of these animals.

Mrs. Ryder's work is divided between children and animals, the work of the free clinic being devoted to animals in the morning and to children in the afternoon. A hospital ward is kept filled with little cots where the suffering children of the poor find comfort and healing.



❧
BUNGALOW NOTES
❧

PINE RIDGE, August 8.—Nearly every night last week, just as the sun was sinking out of sight, we heard from among the trees near the bungalow the melancholy wail of the screech owl. The Man-of-the-Bungalow says he likes to hear it but I do not agree with him, it is too lonely a sound. Thoreau, in "New England Notes," appears to like the sound because it is dismal. He says:

"And yet I love to hear their wailing. Their doleful responses, trilled along the woodside, reminding me sometimes of music and singing birds, as if it were the dark and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung. The spirits, the *low* spirits and melancholy forebodings of fallen spirits who once in human shape night-walked the earth and did the deeds of darkness, now expiating with their wailing hymns, threnodiai, their sins in the very scenery of their transgressions. They give me a new sense of the vastness and mystery of that nature which is the common dwelling of us both. 'Oh-o-o-o-o that I never had been bor-or-or-or-orn,' sighs one on this side of the pond and circles in the restlessness of despair to some new perch in the gray oaks. Then 'That I had never been bor-or-or-or-orn!' echoes one on the further side, with a tremulous sincerity."

If I tried a thousand years, I could never describe the way the owl's wailing song makes me feel as Thoreau has in this quotation.

Fortunately, the owl only paid us a brief visit. I have not heard him now for several days, but every morning and every night we hear the catbirds in the shrubbery at the corner of the bungalow. Sometimes they mew softly, as if talking to themselves, and sometimes they warble a short lullaby. I feel sure they have raised two broods there among the thicket of syringas, privet, snowberry bushes that are overtopped with oak and nut trees. It is wonderful place for birds to hide in. There are robins in this same thicket, too, and often at the close of day I hear the catbird mewing and teasing the robins while the robins are scolding and fretting in return.

This pair of catbirds came to us very early. We were still putting beef suet out on the tree close by and I saw the pair feasting at the same time, one on one side and the other on the other side of the suet. They have been generous with their songs and we have enjoyed them all through the spring and summer up to this time. I am curious to note how much longer they will stay with us.

I took Davie Lindsay for a walk in the woods below the bungalow yesterday. The dry grass crackled under my feet and was so slippery I had to walk with care, but in the cedars and pine

trees over my head a flock of chickadees greeted me with their cheerful notes; I heard the plaintive song of the wood pewee and a little way off a song sparrow sang as if it were spring. As I went back through the grape arbor that I have been rejoicing over because it was hung so thickly with bunches of grapes, I saw little green bunches that had given up and dropped to the ground, killed by the drought, and many of the leaves had turned yellow and were falling. So fall the hopes of mankind:

"The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone."

This drought is almost unprecedented. If it keeps on I am wondering if anything in the gardens will be left alive. The fields of corn on our street are drying up. The paddocks and the orchard still have a few green spots left where our horses when they leave the barn in the freshness of morning find a little variety in nibbling the grass. What unfortunate horses do that are kept out in pastures without other food, or with nothing but dry hay, I do not like to think. Our horses go out after a comfortable breakfast of grains or mixed feed, appetizing and suited to their age and condition, and again at supper time they have another feed of such provender, thus they are not dependent on pasturage but are put out in order to give them a chance to roll or run or lie down under the trees or, when they are young and active, frolic a little together, which they frequently do. Like boys or girls in school, they choose their companions. Old Major, for example, has taken a great fancy to Jimmie, rescued from a junk pedlar's wagon, and Jerry, once devoted to his mate, Dandy, now has no use for any horse excepting Rolfe. Nellie, a particularly handsome and fastidious mare, runs about with a vacation guest who has no name, but is a fine horse simply in need of a change from city to country. Don and Ben follow each other about in the paddocks; Kyrac, an exquisite little chestnut mare, and Duggard, a chestnut horse, who came from the same home to spend the summer with us, are very exclusive and have nothing to say to any other horse on the place, but if separated even for ten minutes Duggard raises a great outcry and will not be pacified until Kyrac

joins him. One day Kyrac slipped away from Perkins as he was leading her across the yard to put her in the paddock where he had just placed Duggard. Kyrac acted exactly like a child that has escaped the nurse and runs gleefully away. She went at a great pace over the driveway, down across the back yard, and it was no easy task to catch her. Meanwhile poor Duggard showed the utmost excitement, whinnying at the top of his voice, until the runaway was secured. Prince the pony gets on beautifully with the donkeys and they have a special grove to themselves.

In spite of the heat I noticed Beppo and Ricco, his son, having a great frolic together as I was standing watching the lane and the paddocks. They chased each other through the woods, stood up on their hind legs and pawed at each other like a pair of puppies, then had another run. It was good to see the fun they were having,—these members of a "poor despised race" that are usually given no consideration but are worked like machines.

August 12.—We have had a succession of blessed showers and although we need a week's rain at least to repair the damage done by the drought, yet there is a great improvement visible in vines and shrubs. They have cheered up quite a little. I was looking at some vines we planted against trees last year to see how they were progressing. One or two were going the way they were intended to go, and beginning to climb the trees, but two others were sprawling in the grass, stretching out long tendrils over the ground in an opposite direction from the tree. The All-Round-Man who planted them was with me and as he lifted a vine and twined it around a tree he observed, "Some vines are just like some folks; you can keep lifting them up, but they won't stay up!" which remark reminded me of Royal Dixon's entertaining book,—*"The Human Side of Plants,"* in which he insists that plants possess reasoning powers—know where they want to go and usually manage to get there. I wish I knew where the trumpet vine I have been trying for two summers to persuade to run over the rocks wants to go, it certainly seems determined not to go the way I planned to have it, and persists in running in an opposite direction out over the path.



Dogs are creatures of habit. Basil, in spite of my commands to the contrary, has to take a certain walk every morning, when I am dressing, over the rock garden under my window, waving or flaunting his big, bushy tail at me as he passes the window. I see him coming with ponderous tread up the path from the stable, then he makes a circuit around the bungalow as if he had it in mind to see that nothing had happened up here during the night. In vain I call "Get off my garden"; he looks through the window at me, grins and wags his tail more vigorously, then passes on.

Basil and Harry, our caretaker's four-year-old boy, are great friends and I saw Basil the other day apparently trying to lie down on Harry's lap as the child was sitting on the ground. Harry, who is a calm, deliberate little boy, not easily put out or disturbed, simply buried his small hand in Basil's long hair and sat, holding on to his big baby. Sometimes this is reversed and I see Harry lying on the ground using Basil as a pillow.

Vera, Harry's elder sister, makes a special pet of Fido, who needs all the petting and attention he can get, for our faithful little Fido is growing old.

Generally speaking, old age is pathetic. An old dog, or horse, or cat cannot realize why it is that eyesight is failing and the once active limbs refuse to answer to the call made upon them. An old and feeble horse, overloaded and beaten because he cannot move his stiffening legs quickly with his load—is there any more pathetic sight?

I think these, our fourfooted friends, as they

grow old are like human beings in their pathetic longing for sympathy and for thoughtful kindnesses. They not only need special attention to their food and the general care of the body, but they need love. Without love life is not worth living for us or for these domestic animals that we have trained to depend on man for all their happiness.

In Henry Drummond's book entitled "The Greatest Thing in the World" he says:

"I wonder why it is we are not all kinder than we are? How much the world needs it. How easily it is done. How instantaneously it acts. How infallibly it is remembered. How superabundantly it pays itself back—for there is no debtor in the world so honorable as Love. 'Love never faileth.' Love is success. Love is happiness. Love is life. 'Love,' I say with Browning 'is energy of Life.' . . . Carlyle said of Robert Burns that there was no truer gentleman in Europe than the ploughman-poet. It was because he loved everything—the mouse and the daisy, and all the things great and small that God had made."



VERA AND FIDO.

The horse, the dog, the cat appreciate acts of love. They remember that man or woman or child who has once shown them an act of loving kindness. I took a wretched flea-ridden kitten away from some boys who were abusing it some years ago, before I had organized the Animal Rescue League, and as there was no other place to carry it I carried it home in my arms, walking quite a long distance with it. That same day the kitten followed me all around my garden like a dog.

August 15.—To-day the robin and the catbird that have been in the shrubbery all summer and raised their little ones successfully, came at the same time searching for insects in among the beds of flowers just outside my window. I watched them for some time and noticed that where one went, the other followed. They did not come very near to each other, but they acted as if they purposely kept each other company and I thought it looked as if the weeks they had been near neighbors in the shrubbery raising their broods of babies at the same time, had led to a sort of neighborly feeling, and the little ones having flown away to find homes for themselves the lonely mothers were sympathizing with each other. But this, of course, is a flight of imagination most people would laugh at.

We are having bird parties now every day in the wild cherry trees and not only robins but other birds are flying in and out of the trees now loaded with the cherries. They are for the most part very quiet but I hear the soft, satisfied chirp of the robins every time I put my head out of doors. Now it is the wild cherries; later on it will be grapes, and there are elderberries, and berries on the privet bushes, so I trust the robins will not lack for food as long as they stay in our "Home of Rest," which we also mean to keep a "Home of Plenty" and of as much peace as can be had in this world where, do the best we can, there is always some inharmonious element to prevent us from being too well satisfied with ourselves and the world we live in.—A. H. S.

There are now seventy reservations, distributed over the country from the gull and tern refuges on the coast of Maine to the egret asylums in Florida. A line of these reservations extends along the great migratory route of the Mississippi. A reservation larger than the state of Connecticut has been established in the Yukon delta of Alaska. There is a famous reservation in the Hawaiian Islands, and one has been recently established in the Canal Zone. There is great need for reservations in British America, and a particularly important site for such refuges is Labrador, where a deplorable waste of bird life has long been in progress.—*Scientific American*.



CARE OF OUR USEFUL FRIENDS

Mr. Merwin on the Horse.

Mr. Henry C. Merwin's compact book on The Horse, his breeding, care, and treatment in health and disease (A. C. McCluig & Co., 12 mo. pages 281, \$1.50), has the merit of being written by a man who not only knows horses thoroughly but is possessed of sufficient imagination and sympathy to appreciate their unusual qualities. At the very outset Mr. Merwin emphasizes sensitiveness as the distinctive quality of the horse and he points out that this distinctive quality of sensitiveness is not confined to race horses.

"The work-horse is often as sensitive as the trotter or runner, and needs the same kind of men to handle him and take care of him. 'A horse is like a child' said an old circus trainer, 'he appreciates kind treatment and rapidly learns to love the trainers who greet him with pleasant words and a caressing pat, and in nine cases out of ten he will prove to be a willing pupil.' . . . This same sensitiveness is what makes the horse so interesting, so capable of training and devel-

opment, so responsive to the slightest word, sound or touch. Here is an animal highly organized, spirited, docile, and, if well treated, beautiful—a creature so wonderfully contrived that a man might spend a dozen lifetimes in learning how to ride, drive, shoe, handle, and train him—to say nothing of curing him when he is ill, or healing him when he is injured. To some persons, and I trust that the reader is included among them, this animal is the most interesting thing in the world.”

Mr. Merwin's advice about the training and care of horses has the merit of being concise and thoroughly practical. He has avoided to a noteworthy extent the summarizing of traditional book knowledge and has got his information largely at first hand, that is, from his own experience and from the experience of men who have been closely and intimately associated with horses. He has excellent chapters on the art of driving and on saddle horses, and his suggestions with regard to vacations for horses and the disposal of old horses should appeal irresistably to all true lovers of horses. About fifty pages are given to advice concerning diseases and injuries, and there is an admirable bibliography. This is a book that every true lover of the horse will be glad to own and to place in the hands of his employees for constant reference. It is sound, practical, and humane, and is written with such admirable simplicity of style that any one should be able to understand and profit by its teachings.

The Boston Branch of the Red Star work is busy as usual working for the war horses. As all our members know we have been working for the war ever since it began, having sent literally thousands of warm woollen articles for the soldiers and wither pads for the horses and bandages for those that are wounded. Some one said to me, “I thought you believed in having the horses that are wounded killed.” I most certainly do believe that when a horse is wounded so that he has got to suffer a long time, and then perhaps be sent back into battle again it would be much better for him to be killed, but we are told repeatedly that it is not allowed to kill wounded horses if there is chance of their recovery. If, then, these horses must be kept

alive, by all means let us do everything we can to mitigate their suffering while they live. A bandage that is put around a wound or hurt will allay pain and keep out irritation, and we are glad to do that much to help them.

I have received this week from England a letter from my correspondent, Mrs. Florence Suckling, to whom I send cases as often as possible containing articles for the soldiers and needed supplies for the horses. Mrs. Suckling enclosed in her letter one which she received from Edward Fairholme, manager of the Royal S. P. C. A. expressing his gratitude for the bandages for the horses which came from our League, and telling how very thankful he was to get them.

We have supplied the Boxford Camp with bandages and with veterinary supplies, and we have also supplied the Headquarters Troop, 26th Division with the same. As fast as we can get them knit for us we are now giving to the young men in the different camps in Massachusetts not only supplies for their horses but sweaters, scarfs, helmets, and wristers for themselves. The government agrees to supply sweaters but does not always get around to all before time for them to go away, and it does not supply helmets, wristers, or scarfs which articles the soldiers are anxious to get before they leave these shores.

We should be very grateful to receive at the Animal Rescue League sweaters, scarfs, helmets, and wristers made of khaki wool. We are out of wool at present but as soon as we get more will ask our friends to knit for us.

We gave the Headquarters Troop, 26th Division, today 110 bandages for horses, 7 sweaters, 3 scarfs, and 11 trench caps for the soldiers. We have received for the work of the Red Star since the beginning of this month \$304, making a total of \$2350 since last December.

“That which is built on selfishness cannot stand. The system of personal interest must be shivered to atoms. Therefore we, who have observed the ways of God in the past, are waiting in quiet but awful expectation until He shall confound this system, as He has confounded those that have gone before.”



A LEAGUE DOG.

A picture of one of the dogs we have recently placed in homes was in the Boston Record. After its appearance in the newspaper at least half a dozen people called up and wanted to take him for he was a handsome English setter. His name was "Spot" though in the Record he was called "Rex." He is a dog that was found on the streets and was placed three years ago by the League in a home where the family were so fond of him that he was never separated from them. He went out in the automobile with them and slept in the room with one of the family at night, but circumstances arose which compelled them to part with him. According to the agreement signed by everyone who takes a dog from the League they brought him back and gave him up literally with tears as they loved him so dearly.

A home was found for him at once where he was kindly treated but the family consisting of man and wife found they could not leave him alone, and were obliged to take him with them everywhere they went, or one had to remain at home to keep him company. This did not answer and they brought him back to the League, and then again he was placed in an excellent country home where he can be with someone of the family all the time. His special mission is to ride in the automobile with the daughter of the family and as this is what he particularly enjoyed in his former home it seems as if he might be happy there. They are also glad to

have him sleep in the room with one of the family at night and guard them in this way, and we hope that his latest home will be as great a success for him as his first home was.

STORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG

A Letter from a Horse.

DEAR SIR: I am just one of the old broken-down horses your readers sometimes see on the city streets, and perhaps I have no business intruding upon your pages.

Have you ever tried to imagine the life of a city horse? Not the beautiful silky creatures you see in the park, but the overdriven, half-starved drudges of the business streets. In the fiery heat of midsummer, in the bitter snowy winter, goaded with stick, boot and hand, our work is never done. Did you ever see one of us step into a saloon for a moment's refreshment? Did you ever see a horse loafing on his job?

Did you ever wonder why it is that so often when you offer us a kind touch or a pat as you cross the street, we start and draw back? Does that mean anything to you? What would you think if a man trembled and shrank away when you offered to shake hands with him? Would you think that his life had been a happy one?

The other day I stood by the pavement after tugging a heavy load for many blocks. I was warm and moist from exertion, but the cold wind beat upon me without any blanket or covering to soften it. I was thinking about my life, ever since I was a colt on a Jersey farm; thinking rather grimly that we horses have not even the coward's ——— remedy of suicide that I believe you men sometimes try when life is too hard. A man came down the street and stopped by me. I could read much in his face. "Never mind, old man," he said. "You've fought a good fight. Some day, when I have the money, I'm going to have a bronze tablet carved by the best sculptor in this country, and put up somewhere in honor of the horses who have worked for mankind. And this is what I shall write on it."

Erected in love and gratitude
to the honor of the millions
of loyal and patient
HORSES
who have given their lives
in the faithful service of mankind

But he was a shabby young man and I don't suppose he will ever be able to carry out his idea. But it was encouraging, wasn't it?

Faithfully yours,

A HORSE.

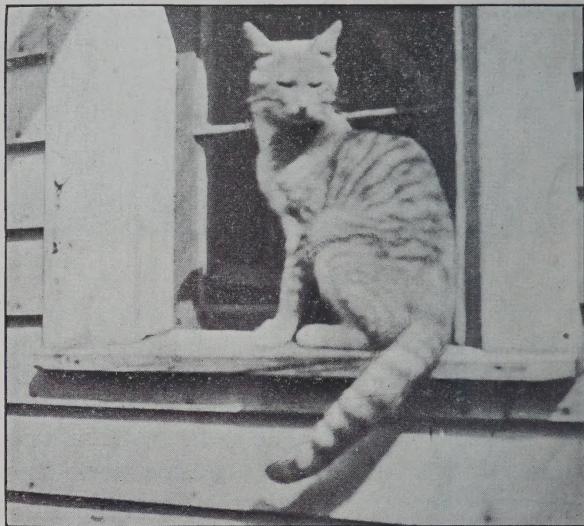
—BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Wrathful Gander.*

I think I wrote you before of the apparent affection existing between Ethel's gander and one of the horses. The gander, with much labor, had constructed out of grass, twigs and straw a nest, filling it with tin cans and door knobs, and spent much time trying to induce the horse to climb over or crawl under the fence dividing the corral from the pond. He tried every way by flying over or crawling under the fence to prove to the horse how easy the job was, but failing he grew morose and captious and inclined to belligerency and here was where the dogs made a mistake. One of them, Puppins by name, went to the edge of the pond where the gander was brooding over his wrongs and barked at him, using approbrious epithets, even advancing into the water knee deep to further express his contempt, and here was it where Puppins made his mistake for the irate gander made a rush at him, seized him by the tail and dragged him into deep water, and proceeded to duck him under and shake him till he seemed to be on the point of parting company with his tail; whereupon another dog flew to the rescue, but the gander, not relinquishing Puppins, attacked No. 2 with such fury that he fled to the shore howling dismally, whereupon dog No. 3 rushed in; then the gander, relinquishing Puppins' tail, seized dog No. 3, and give him the dressing of his life.

* Extract from a letter written by Mr. Z. A. Willard, just after his ninety-second birthday.

The three dogs fled from the wrath to come, and at a safe distance howled, barked and shrieked at the gander, but came no nearer to the pond than sixty feet. Now not a house dog, five in number, nor neighbors' dogs venture to get a drink at the pond, and the gander is monarch of all he surveys.



LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

In the last number of OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS I wrote that I was not able to understand why the Settlement Houses would not do some part towards collecting the unfortunate cats and kittens that are so numerous about the North and West Ends here in the city. I received a call since writing that article from Miss Ruth E. Wheeler, resident social worker of the Frances E. Willard Home, and found that through her influence and her instruction to the children they were really doing a very large work in taking the miserable cats and kittens off the streets of the West End. Miss Wheeler has different clubs of children their ages being from four years upwards. Some of her children are young women just out of their teens. As she is deeply interested herself in humane work she has made it a point to impress on all these young people with whom she is associated the sufferings of the animals that are homeless and neg-

lected, and the duty of every one to try to lessen their numbers. She therefore tells me that a large number of these, her pupils, have at her request brought to the Animal Rescue League forlorn cats and kittens, or have taken them to their own homes, and she herself has telephoned to the League to send our agents after them. The janitor of the Frances Willard Home is also interested and has himself brought as many as twenty or thirty miserable cats and kittens to the League, but as they had not specially mentioned the Frances Willard Home, usually giving their own names when they brought in the animals, I did not know of the really splendid work which is proceeding from that institution.

It seems that other teachers in the Frances Willard Home are also interested in our work and the general spirit of the place is that of kindness and sympathy for the suffering animals.

It is possible that other Settlement Houses are instructing the children to bring the animals to the League and in that way are helping us without our understanding where the help comes from.

As subscribers to OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS return to town it would be a favor to us if they would kindly notify us of their change of address.

The number of animals cared for by the League during the month of August is as follows: 387 dogs, 81 of which were placed in homes and 10 restored to their owners; 5,017 cats, 29 placed in homes and one restored to owner; 38 pigeons and smaller birds that were injured in some way and were brought in by humane people to the League; 6 guinea pigs and one rabbit; 41 horses were taken from sales stables or owners who were using them and were destroyed; 23 have been cared for at Pine Ridge Home of Rest for Horses.

The price of this magazine is fifty cents a year. This is a good time to send in subscriptions and thereby help the League as well as forward the humane cause.



Typical Horse Cases. [From agent's notebook.]

Horse in Watertown was complained of. When found it was discovered he was about 25 years old, teeth very much worn down, was very thin and had a weak back. The pedler in whose possession he was found bought him from another man in Hopkinton, Mass., three weeks previous to our agent's finding him, paying \$45 for him. The horse was in a most miserable condition and our agent at once had him destroyed.

Another pedler had in his possession a mare only 14 years old, but she had a tumorous growth on both front knees, rendering her quite unfit to travel. The pedler was persuaded to give her up and she was put to death.

A chestnut mare about 18 years old was in the possession of a man who was going around with a hand organ wagon and was driven around through Quincy, Milton, and Dedham. This horse was suffering very badly with heaves and her knees were bruised as if she had fallen from exhaustion. Our agent took her from the man and had her destroyed.

A pedler in South Boston was found with a bay mare, very thin and very lame. When she fell she was unable to get on her feet again. Our agent paid \$5 for the mare and had her destroyed.

A horse was found in Braintree after being complained of by people who had seen him on account of his extreme lameness and his painful breathing. Our agent took him from the owner and had him put to death.

A horse was found in the hands of a dealer, about to be sold. On looking into his condition

it was discovered that he was what is commonly called among horse dealers "a dummy horse." He did not hear quickly, acted very dopy and stupid most of the time and was also so contrary that the owner whipped him, not understanding that the horse was unable to do any better. It was evident that he had been a good deal abused, but it was necessary to pay \$5 in order to get him from the dealer.

Horses of an express company are apparently underfed and tired out, but the owner has promised to feed them better and let up on the amount of work.

Horse in city express, with large sore place on hip was found in good condition with this one exception. He has been put in a box stall.

We have received a report of the Lynn Animal Rescue League from May 7 to August 27. They have received and humanely cared for 1,839 animals. When we consider the amount of suffering saved by taking all these animals from the streets it repays us for all the trouble and anxiety we have had connected with the organization of that League. We hope the Lynn people will take a greater interest in it and that by and by they will be entirely self supporting but at the present time the Animal Rescue League of Boston is obliged to contribute about \$40 per month towards its support.

Every day that we are engaged in this work we see more clearly the need of educating the people not only children but their parents in thoughtful kindness to animals. A woman who had any degree of real humanity would never tell her children to carry off kittens or cats she was tired of and drop them with the hope that somebody else would take the poor creatures they are casting off. Last month we received a letter enclosing the following card:

My Name is Tootsie—Please give me a home. My owner has my mother and another like me. There is room for me no longer.

This was written on a thick piece of paste-board in ink, and was tied under the fore legs of the cat, as the letter which I also quote describes.

"BOSTON, Sept. 4, 1917.

"The card enclosed was tied on the fore legs of the cat that was left in Franklin Park and (greatly exhausted) was brought to me by some of my piano pupils Sunday morning. I promised your agent who called for the cat to send the card when I found it. This cat was seen by many persons who passed it by. This I know as they afterwards told me they saw it. Thanking you kindly for sending for the cat, I am,

"Yours truly,

E. H. W."

The cat in question is a female tiger and as we very rarely place females in homes the probability is that after a few days in our pleasant cat rooms she will be put to death. The reason we do not put female cats in homes is because there are always too many women who are thoughtless and cruel in disposing of them as this instance will show.

We are already collecting articles for our Fair December 3 and 4. A kind member of our League who has helped us generously other years has asked if she may send articles she gathers together for the Fair at any time to the League. We replied to her that we have a good storeroom up two flights in one of our houses perfectly clean and fitted up with trunks where we put away for the Fair any articles we receive, and where we sometimes keep a few articles left from a previous fair when they are valuable and when we do not have a chance to dispose of them. We are ready at any time, therefore, to take any sort of articles excepting those that are perishable, and keep them in safety for the date of the Fair which will be held in the ball-room of the Copley-Plaza, as usual.

ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE: Mrs. Littlefield has asked me to answer your card of April 26th inquiring if dog No. 792 is satisfactory and contented. He is perfectly satisfactory and if owning the house and the inhabitant is any criterion he is contented.

He is devotion itself to Mrs. Littlefield, and won't let her out of his sight if he can help it, and very much resents any one coming near her.

He treats me simply as a meal ticket. When he first came to us he seemed very much cowed and it was two weeks before he would keep from dropping his tail between his legs when spoken to. Now he wags it so hard every time we speak that I expect daily to see it fly off and go through the side of the house. Yours truly, H. E. L.

ARLINGTON, MASS.

March 1, 1917.

ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE: In reply to your post card of recent date will say that the guinea pig I took from your place January 20 has become a great pet, perfectly contented, has a good home, and is doing well. Thanking you for the inquiry, I am, J. E. B.

27 BATAVIA ST., BOSTON, MASS.

June 7, 1917.

MY DEAR MRS. SMITH: This morning I heard something that will interest you. I told you I go into a store on Washington St. to pet a League cat named Peter. This morning one of the new men there told me about a cat they had. It was a little female, and although they have several, the dog was especially fond of the one which was the favorite with all the family. Well, it was going to have a family but something went wrong and after much suffering last week the poor little thing died, and was buried in the yard. Every one felt badly but the dog is inconsolable and won't come into the house. He hasn't been in since it happened. This happened in East Bridgewater. Talk about animals having no feeling; they have a good deal more than human beings in a good many instances. Sincerely, E. L. J.

QUEEN MARY'S NEEDLEWORK GUILD.

FRIARY COURT, ST. JAMES'S PALACE, S.W.

4th March, 1917.

DEAR MADAM:

Your two cases containing woollen articles, etc., have arrived safely, and I hope you will convey Her Majesty's thanks to the members of the British War Relief Association, who have so kindly sent them to the Q. M. N. G.

I am still sending enormous consignments of things to our soldiers and sailors at the front, and to the mine-sweepers and trawlers in the North Sea, where the men are suffering dreadfully from the cold. I only hope that all you ladies who are working for the Queen's Guild in every corner of the world, half realise how much Her Majesty is touched by the loyalty and affection for her and the Mother Country, which has prompted these gifts.

Believe me,

Yours truly,

ANNIE LAWLEY,

Hon. Sec.

I am sure the golden robins and catbirds have nests near the bungalow, because every morning near my windows they sing so beautifully to me. So, in these days of clouds and rain, and sorrowful tidings of "wars and rumors of wars," there is something left to be thankful for.

And when you think of this remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing, evermore.

All through life there are wayside inns

When man may refresh his soul with love;
Even the lowest may quench his thirst

At rivulets fed by springs from above.

ANNA HARRIS SMITH.

Complaint came of a blind horse collecting waste papers, that looked as if he could not draw the load. Owners promise to give him better care in the future. As he is a young horse, proper feeding and driving will improve condition.

Birds go off on little expeditions together. I can fancy one sparrow starting out and saying, or twittering to another, "There is a fine lot of seeds in a field I have discovered, let us go and have a picnic there." Then off they fly, in great glee, to feast in this new restaurant, and the interesting part of it is that they all go together,—the chippies, the English sparrows, the chickadees, the juncos, following each other like a flock of sheep.

THE PREPARATION OF FOOD

is one of the most important processes in the maintenance of human life. Today, especially, does it require the utmost care in selection, in cost consideration and in finding new and appetizing ways of serving. Books that will help the housewife in her patriotic efforts towards food conservation are:

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This book considers plain foods, economically purchased, well prepared, properly seasoned, and attractively served. The recipes are modern and excellent; the illustrations—notably those of meat cuts—are particularly helpful **70 cents**

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John C. Olsen

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The preservation of foods from molds or bacteria, by means of canning, drying, cooling, or the use of preservatives; also the proper methods of combating disease bacteria **\$1.00**

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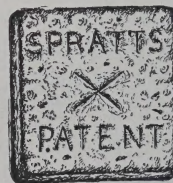
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Cemetery for Small Animals

at Pine Ridge, Dedham, Mass., under the management of the Animal Rescue League. The charge for privilege of burial in individual lots is from \$10 up, according to location.

Cremation

The League now has a crematory where small animals can be cremated. The ashes are delivered to owners or buried at Pine Ridge. The charge for each cremation is \$5.

Arrangements for burials or cremations must be made at the headquarters of the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver St., Boston. Tel. Beach 244.

The Animal Rescue League

Organized February 9, 1899.

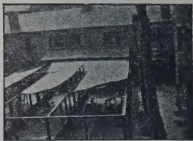
Incorporated March 13, 1899

A wholly independent organization, having no connection with any other humane society in Massachusetts.



Administration Building, Kennels, Infirmary,
Receiving Station and Crematory
for Small Animals.

51 CARVER STREET, BOSTON.



Branch Receiving Stations

ROXBURY	69 ROXBURY STREET
NORTH END	39 NORTH BENNET STREET
SOUTH END	109 NORTHAMPTON STREET
CAMBRIDGE	79 MOORE STREET
STONEHAM	51 MARBLE STREET
WEST LYNN	36 STICKNEY STREET

Population of cities and towns served	1,750,000
Animals received in 1916	46,641
Animals brought in by visitors	10,456
Copies of humane literature distributed	67,500
Visitors received	30,000



THREE MOTOR COL-
LECTING VANS AND
TWELVE AGENTS } are at work every week day collecting animals.

Number of calls made in 1916	22,447
Number of animals collected	35,450

A Free Clinic for Animals

has been maintained for 16 years in charge of the League Veterinarian
DR. FRANK J. SULLIVAN.

Number of animals treated	80,000
Number of cases of small animals treated in 1916	10,920
Number of pedlars' and cabmen's horses treated, 1916	350
Number of horses humanely killed, 1916	677
Number of horses given vacations	58



PINE RIDGE COUNTRY ANNEX AND HOME OF REST FOR HORSES. 238 Pine Street, Dedham.

A farm of twenty-one acres, where horses belonging to owners who cannot afford to pay for board and care, are given vacations of from two to six weeks and restored to condition for work, or humanely killed.



PINE RIDGE CEMETERY FOR SMALL ANIMALS, 238 Pine Street, Dedham.



For maintaining all this work, which is constantly increasing, the Animal Rescue League depends wholly on membership fees, gifts, and bequests; and because of the constantly increasing public demands, has never been able to start an endowment fund. Any sum, large or small, will be gratefully received, and may be sent to

Mrs. Huntington Smith, President, or F. J. Bradlee, Treasurer, 51 Carver Street, Boston.